

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 11.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. NOVEMBER 3, 1853.

NO. 1.

Published by Theodore Schoch.
TERMS—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements not exceeding one square (ten lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. The charge for one and three insertions the same. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, elegant, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c. printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Days Gone By.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The days gone by—'tis sad yet sweet
To list the strain of parted hours;
To think of those we loved to meet
When children, 'mid a thousand flowers!
The scenes we roved—romantic—lonely
Ere yet our hearts had learned to sigh—
The dreams of glory once our own—
In days gone by—in days gone by!

The days gone by—Oh, is there not
A charm—a feeling in those words—
A music ne'er to be forgot—
Struck out from memory's sweetest chords,
With many a tone to wake a tear,
And many a thought we vain would fly;
O! still to every heart are dear
The days gone by—the days gone by!

The days gone by—they have a spell
To burst the corements of the grave;
And from oblivion's deepest cell,
The forms we loved and lost—to save;
Time may not fade those locks of light—
Still beauteous to the mental eye,
As the first hour they blest our sight,
In days gone by—in days gone by!

The days gone by—Man's best essay—
One fadless work to leave behind—
Before their mirth hath passed away,
Like dust upon the desert wind;
The very mountains have grown grey—
And stars have vanished from the sky—
The young—the fair—oh! where are they?
With days gone by—with days gone by!

The days gone by—fom shore to shore
Their ever lengthening shadows spread,
On—on 'till time shall breathe no more—
And earth itself be with the dead;
Each brief—unnoticed minute bears
The mandate of its God on high;
And death and silence are the heirs
Of days gone by—of days gone by!

Lindley Murray.

It is not generally known that this "prince of English Grammarians" was an American, born within the present limits of Lebanon county, Pa. He was born in the year 1745, on the Swartara, in East Hanover township, then Lancaster, now Lebanon county. His father was a miller, and followed that occupation when Lindley was born, but afterwards devoted his attention to mercantile pursuits, and amassed a considerable fortune, by trading to the West Indies. Lindley was the eldest of twelve children and when about seven years of age, was sent to Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of a better education than could be had at Swartara. He studied law in N. York, and at the age of twenty-two was called to the bar, where he gained for himself the reputation of an honest lawyer. His Grammar of the English Language, was composed in England, in 1794, and published in the spring 1795, many millions of copies of which have been sold. He resided forty-two years in England, most of which time he was an invalid. He composed many other works besides his Grammar. He died in 1826, in a village in Yorkshire, being upwards of 80 years of age. He is represented as a Christian and Philanthropist. He left legacies to a number of relatives and friends and sums of money to religious societies. He also directed that the residue of property, after the decease of his wife, (a New York lady, his "beloved and affectionate Hannah" who had been his companion for 60 years) should be devoted to pious and benevolent uses. He was a Quaker, and is interred in the burying ground of that sect, in the city of New York, "far from friend and fatherland."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington, "here they are going to war again over the sea, and only for a turkey, and don't say how much it weighed, either, or whether it was tender. And Knockemstiff has gone into a miff, and the ruffian bears and Austriacs are all let loose to devour the people, and heaven knows where the end of it will leave off. War is a terrible thing, so destroying to temper and good cloths; and men shoot at each other just as if they were gutter purchas, and cheap at that."

Singular Military Discipline.

A rather singular case of military discipline has lately occurred in Dorchester, and has caused considerable excitement. There is it appears a number of boys in that town who have organized themselves into a company for the purpose of "playing soldier," a lad about 14 years of age and the son of a respectable citizen, acting as captain. A few days since our miniature captain met one of the soldiers of his command about 8 years of age, and charging him with misdemeanor in military duty, arrested him and marched him to headquarters at his father's house. The young recruit was taken by this captain to a chamber, where with considerable ceremony the offending soldier was gagged, had his thumbs tied together and was lashed up. After several serious inflictions, the captain stripped the person of his victim, and taking a lighted lamp held it to his flesh until two large and deep sores were burned.

The soldier was then dismissed and fled to his home. By threats he was deterred from making known the facts, and in a few days the captain again arrested him and gave him a severe whipping with a knotted rope. The facts afterwards came out, and a complaint was entered by the father against the captain, who was brought before Justice Draper, and obliged to pay costs of Court, and placed under bonds for good behavior for six months, his father being security. [Boston Trav.

Served him Right.—"An old lady in Iowa, while recently in the woods was bitten on the end of her nose by a rattlesnake. The old lady recovered, but the snake died! Coroner's verdict: Poisoned by snuff."

A Jesuit's Oath.

The following is the oath taken by every Jesuit priest. The motto of this formidable society (for it has spread itself over the whole world) is, 'the end justifies the means,' and a rule of the Order is, that every member 'ought sincerely to allow himself to be carried, ruled, placed, displaced by Divine Providence through his superiors, just as if he were a corpse; or, like the staff which an old man holds in his hand, and which serves him as he pleases.' Each novice, after years of the strictest discipline and hard study, on receiving the commission of Priesthood, swears:

"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the holy apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and the Saints and the sacred Hosts of Heaven, and to you, my ghostly father, do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that his Holiness, the Pope, is Christ's Vicar General, and is the true and only head of the Catholic church, throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his Holiness by Jesus Christ, he has power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal, without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed; therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine and his Holiness' rights and customs against all usurpers of the heretical authority whatsoever, especially against the new pretended authority and church of England, and all her adherents, because she and they are heretical, opposing the sacred mother church of Rome."

"I do renounce and disown my allegiance to any heretical king, prince or state named Protestants, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates. I do further declare the doctrine of the church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other heretics to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents in any place wherever I shall be, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended powers, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare that notwithstanding I am disposed to assume any religious heresy, for the propagation of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels, as they entrust me, and not to divulge directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstances whatever, but shall execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge or discovered unto me, by you, my ghostly father, or by any of this sacred convent. All which I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part, to keep inviolably; and I do call all the heavenly and glorious Hosts of Heaven, to witness these my real intentions to keep this, my oath. In testimony thereof, I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of the Eucharist, and do witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the presence of this convent, this day of, &c."

Getting into the Wrong House.

"For me, I adore
Some twenty or more,
And love them most dearly."

Such was the light air hummed by a young man one evening in the month of September, between the hours of seven and eight, as he turned into a court leading out of Washington street, where was his boarding house.

The character of the air suited well with the appearance of the young blade, for as he turned into the court the light of the lamp 'illuminated' him; he was tall, and somewhat slender, but finely formed; his pale and handsome features, large bright eyes, with dark circles around them, told of late hours and excitement.

His exterior frock-coat, buttoned at the top by a single button, pants of snuff colored hue, white vest, and chain fastened at its lower hole, attached to the deuce knows what in his pocket, boots, hat, and dickey of the latest fashion, and switch cane, surmounted by a delicately carved lady's leg in ivory, completed the rakish tout ensemble of our young hero.

As we said before, he was humming a tune as he went into the court. Passing up, he ceased; and his thoughts, if they had been uttered, would have been something like this:

"Byron was a hard one; one of the b' boys, decidedly; hang me, if he wasn't the very personification of his Don Juan—he went on the principle 'go it while you're young,' and he did 'go it' with a vengeance."

During these cogitations, he reached, (as he supposed,) his boarding house. Ascending the steps he sent his hand on an exploring expedition in his pockets, and extricated an instrument resembling a portable poker with a joint handle. Inserting this instrument into a round hole in the door he effected an entrance. On entering, he was surprised at the disappearance of the hat tree, and a table in its place.

"Where the deuce is the hat tree gone to now, I should like to know?" he mentally exclaimed, throwing down his hat. "How awful quiet it is just now," he continued, proceeding towards the sitting room. Finding it in total darkness, he was still more surprised.

"Junio! is every body dead, I wonder! I'll have some light on the subject, and with that determination he crossed the room to a mantle piece, to search for a match. He placed his hand on something that made him utter an exclamation of surprise.

"By everything that's blue, a lady's shoe; extraordinary events must have transpired during my absence—a sofa here!" he exclaimed, striking against one under the mantle piece. "They have been pitching the personal estate around at a terrible rate. Ah! a baby's shoe! Oh, mein Gott, as the Dutchman said."

"Charles, is that you?" whispered a soft voice at the moment, and a warm hand clasped his own.

"Where the deuce is to pay now?" he almost ejaculated in surprise; but recovering himself he answered, in a whisper, "yes, dearest, it is me—over the left," he said to himself.

I see how it is; I'm in the wrong box, and this damsel thinks I'm Charles; no matter, I'm in for it now, and might as well put it through."

So thinking, he seated himself by her side, on the sofa, with one hand clasped in hers, and an arm around her waist.

"Charles," she said, "what made you stay so late! I have been waiting for you this half-hour."

"The deuce you have," thought he. "Indeed, I am very sorry, but positively I could not come sooner," he said.

"The folks have all gone away this evening, and we will make the best of our time," said she, squeezing his hand.

"Yes, by Jove, we will," was the reply, as he embraced and kissed her several times.

"I wonder, who I am kissing in the dark," thought he, during the operation. "Why, Charles, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, you never did so before."

"This Charles must be a very bashful youth," thought our hero.

"Charles, you mustn't do so!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I'm making the best of my time," was the innocent reply.

"You remember the last time I saw you, you said you'd tell to-night when we should be married," said she.

A whistle nearly escaped the lips of Gus, (such was the abbreviation sponsorial of our hero.) "I would say immediately," thought he, "but she might mistrust, and it would be no go."

"The time, dearest," he replied, "shall be when it will be most convenient for you."

"Oh, how glad I am," she exclaimed.

"What a pickle I would be in, if the folks should pop in all of a sudden," he thought at that moment, as he had a presentiment. As the thought passed his mind, a latch key was heard fumbling at the door. At this ominous sound she sprang to her feet greatly frightened.

"Oh, dear!" was the exclamation, "what shall I do! here come the folks."

"What shall I do?" was the question of Gus, as he sprang to his feet.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she bitterly exclaimed, "where shall I hide you! There's no closet, and you can't get out of the room before the folks will see you—There, the door is opening—quick—hide

under the sofa, it is a high one."

He didn't stop to look for a better place, but popped down and commenced crawling under. His progress was greatly accelerated by her feet, which she applied quite heavily to his side.

"Thunder! what a plantation she has got," said Gus as it came in contact with his ribs.

He found the space under the sofa quite narrow; so much so that he was obliged to lie on his face.

"Whew! they keep a cat in the house!—Hist! there they come—one—two—three daughters, the old man and woman, and two gents, friends of the ladies, I suppose. Here they are down on the sofa. How I would like to grasp one of those delicate little feet! Gods! she would think the devil had her. I wonder how long I've got to stay here. Hope the conversation will be edifying."

In this manner his thoughts ran on for about an hour. By that time, he found his situation anything but pleasant, not being able to move at all. There was no sign of their departure, judging from their conversation, which was lively and well kept up; and not knowing how long he would be compelled to stay in such uncomfortable quarters, caused him to anatomize them most severely. He finally became worried to such a degree, that he accidentally let an oath slip through his lips.

"Hark! what's that!" exclaimed one, but the others heard nothing.

"Jesu Maria!" thought Gus, what a narrow escape. If any of the others had heard it, I should have been discovered, and then a pretty plight I would be in—I would be taken for a burglar.

While thus congratulating himself on his escape, a shawl belonging to one of the ladies, hanging over the back of the sofa, slipped behind. It was soon missed, and a search commenced.

"It must have fallen behind the sofa, surmised the fair owner."

"I will soon ascertain," said one of the young men, rising from the sofa.

Seizing one end of the sofa, he whirled it nearly into the middle of the room.

Gods! what a scream! The ladies fainted away at the sight of Gus, lying on his face.

"Burglar! thief! robber!" shouted the head of the house, retreating towards the door.

"Complimentary," said Gus, looking up.

The two young gentlemen promptly seized him and raised him to his feet.

"Give an account of yourself; how came you here?" were the questions put to him. "Thieves! robbers! watch!" screamed all the young ladies.

"Stop your noise," shouted the old gentleman, as Gus commenced an apology.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Gus who have found me concealed under the sofa in a burglarious manner, but 'pon my soul, it was for a different purpose altogether."

He then gave a lucid explanation, and in such a manner that it set the old gentleman in a roar of laughter. The girl was called in to be questioned about the matter.

"I shall see now, at any rate, who I have been skylarking with," thought Gus, as her step was heard on the stairs.

A moment more, and a daughter of Ham, black as the ace of spades, strode into the room. Such an apparition of darkness struck our hero dumb. For a moment he was a model of amazement; but a roar of laughter from all in the room restored his scattered senses, and he became fully aware of his ridiculous position.

"Where's my hat?" he faintly ejaculated, as he rushed from the room.

Until sleep closed his eyes, did the roar of laughter ring in his ears, and when sound asleep, a vision of the 'negress' flitted before him.

The following epitaph was copied from a tombstone in a small village churchyard in the north of England:

"Sacred to the memory of Miss Betsey Rhett, who was a whole team and a horse to let."

A waggish fellow somewhat troubled with an impediment in his speech, while one day sitting at a public table, had occasion to use a pepper-box. After shaking it with all due vehemence, and in various ways, he found that the peppercorns were in nowise inclined to come forth. "T-t-th-this p-pepper-box," he exclaimed with a facetious grin, "is some-something li-like myself."

"Why so?" interrogated a neighbor. "P-poor delivery," was the reply.

We annex the following beautiful extract for the particular benefit of those who should read and understand:

WOOD!!!—We particularly request a large number of our woody subscribers to furnish us with a supply of this antidote to cold weather. For some six weeks we have been compelled to steal all the wood we consumed, and now we are tired of the plan, not that we have any particular dislike to the mode—but it is too much like work; beside our neighbors are getting out, so haul it along.

Watch for little opportunities of pleasure, and put little annoyances out of the way.

Spare when young, and spend when you are old.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend, is nobody's.

Gold vs. Hay.

The Ohio Farmer, in commenting upon the letter of a California correspondent, makes some very sensible remarks about the mania which has possessed the people of this country to forsake the golden fields of their own State to dig in the "gold fields," of California, where they often gather more disappointment than produce. The Farmer says:

It has ever been our opinion that the ultimate prosperity of California, or any other State, must be influenced more by its adaptation to agricultural pursuits than by any or all the gold mines that have been or may be found therein. There can be no sort of doubt but that the greatest source of wealth which California possesses is found in the rich valleys, table lands and mountain slopes so graphically described by Fremont, and now so ably noticed by Mr. Kelley. When these resources are developed, as they will be very soon, the gold diggings and quartz rock will sink with comparative insignificance. Look at it. It is said that the yield of gold from the California mines for the current year will reach the enormous sum of fifty-five or sixty millions of dollars! An enormous sum truly; and yet we venture to say that the value of the hay crop alone of the State of N. York will fully equal it! Six counties of that State produced in 1850, 800,000 tons of hay, which, at \$7 per ton, would be \$5,600,000. This they do year after year, with a gradual increase; and yet, how few are seen rushing to the meadows of Oneida, Jefferson, Chenango, Delaware, Chautauque or St. Lawrence?

The wheat and corn fields of Ohio produce annually more dollars than the gold mines of California. Yet, there is no noise made about it; and instead of thousands rushing to them in the hope of growing suddenly rich, thousands have been fleeing from them, in search of gold—gold—gold.

We hazard nothing in saying that had the emigrants to California, since the discovery of gold there, gone, instead, to the rich lands of our Western States they could have produced double the amount of all the gold dug from the mines of that Eldorado. The capital necessary to place a man in working condition in the California mines would have settled him comfortable on an eighty-acre lot in Iowa, in a good cabin, with a team, farming utensils, provisions, &c., and insured him, instead of a chance for a little gold, the certainty of an independent position for life, without the sacrifice of home, friends, health, morals, and indeed all that men should esteem valuable in life.

Thank heaven, the "gold mania" is in its decadence, and the time is near when it will be seen and known that every ounce of gold dust dug from the California mines has cost twice its market value.

The Snake Nut.

Among the many novelties in the vegetable kingdom which Southern and Central America have of late years revealed, the snake nut is certainly the most extraordinary. This is a production not unlike the English walnut externally, but smaller and smoother, although of nearly the same color. On opening it, we find, however, not a kernel, in the usual sense of the term, but a small serpent, or at least in the specimen now before us, an object so identically resembling one, that the closest examination fails to present any direct affinity between it and the vegetable kingdom, unless the skin or husk which surrounds it, like the kernel of any other nut, may be termed such.

This serpent is not, that we are aware of, found actually alive in the shell, but exists in a hardened state. It is of a dark brown color, smooth, and bound up in a distinctly traceable coil, having throughout, in every respect, the exact dimensions and proportions of an ordinary snake, even the head being actually formed. From the gentleman from whom this nut was obtained, and who has many more in his possession, all of which, on being opened, have invariably been found to contain 'snakes,' we learn that it grows on trees found two or three hundred miles from Bogota, and that he was informed by the Indians that at certain seasons of the year these snakes, issuing from the shell, increased in size, and were to be seen hanging alive and in numbers from the branches. We pretend to offer no solution of this extraordinary enigma. It is well known that many insects deposit their larvae in fruits and nuts, but we hardly see how this explanation is applicable to a serpent which fills the entire interior of a shell, and is at the same time so curiously identified with the inner bark or coating as to favor the supposition that it has 'grown with its growth' and strengthened with its strength."

Should this kernel prove to be simply a vegetable product like the well known snake cucumber, which, on a larger scale, so much reminds us of it, we can only regard it as a most extraordinary addition to the class of natural wonders. We are happy to learn that the contents of this snake nut will shortly be submitted to a close analysis by an eminent physician of this city, the results of which we trust, ere long, to lay before our readers.—Illustrated News.

Butter, eggs, &c. taken in exchange for any goods in my line of business.

SAUEL MELICH.

Stroudsburg, Nov. 18, 1853.

Grace Greenwood, who is now in Italy, on asking a poor woman who had placed one candle at the image of a saint, and another at the image of the devil, why she placed one at each, was told by the poor devotee, that "she knew not into whose hands she might fall, so she tho't she had better be civil to both."

Atmospheric Phenomenon.

Farmers and watermen of the past generation were noted as weather prophets; and though science in its pedantic and oracular boyhood laughed at their prognostications, and at best gave them credit for being only shrewd guessers, their weather-signs rarely failed. Now scientific men are beginning to admit the facts known to these old readers in Nature's book, and to give scientific reasons for facts once denied.

At the scientific convention, which recently held its session at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. William H. Thomas, of Cincinnati, read an essay, in which he referred to the indications of weather, as shown by animals, insects and plants. This essay was full of facts and scientific explanations. Birds, it is asserted, invariably show, by the way they build their nests, whether a season is to be windy, or otherwise. If the former, they clutch the nest, between the twigs and lining. If the latter, they omit these precautions. If a dry season is in prospect, they build in open places. If a wet one, they choose sheltered spots. A careful observation of these peculiarities will, afford Mr. Thomas says, a certain criterion, early in Spring, of the coming weather. Snails also reveal, by their habits, whether rain may be expected or not. Several species of these animals invariably ascend the stems of plants two days before a rain, in order to place themselves on a leaf, there to imbibe the water, for they never drink. Other species have tubercles, that rise from their bodies, generally ten days before a rain, there being a pore at the end of each tubercle to imbibe the water. Others grow yellowish white just before a rain, returning to a darker color after rain. Locusts also foretell rain, by sheltering themselves under the leaves of trees, and in hollows and trunks, as soon as, by the changes in the atmosphere, they discover that rain is impending. Most leaves of trees are also barometers, for, if a rain is to be light they turn up so as to receive their fill of water, while for a long rain, they double so as to conduct the water away.

Another member, Professor Brookley, of Hartford, read a paper, describing a spring near his residence, whose water rose invariably before a rain. He suggested that the diminished atmospheric pressure which precedes a rain, was the cause of the phenomenon, and recommended that observation should be made, over the whole country, to ascertain if the phenomenon was general or only exceptional.

One of the signs of rain, observed in this country, is this:—During a drought, the margins of streams remain dry almost to the very edge of the running water. But shortly before a rain, the moisture will spread along the surface of the ground away from the stream, for a distance of several inches, or feet, according to the grade of the bank, and the porous nature of the soil. Diminished atmospheric pressure is no doubt, the cause of this.

The man whose conscience troubles him, proposes to have it arrested for disturbing the peace.

A Spirit rapper in Iowa says that Dr. Franklin has opened a circus in the other world.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

JOHN W. RUXTON'S
CHEAP FASHIONABLE
HAT & CAP STORE,
On Elizabeth street, one door below War.
Dean's residence, Stroudsburg, Pa.

The subscriber having just completed a large and splendid assortment of the latest Fall and Winter fashions of Hats & Caps, invites the attention of his old patrons and the public generally to the largest stock ever offered in Stroudsburg, consisting of Men's, women's, fur, silk and Kossuth hats of every price and quality. His stock of Caps consists of silk plush, cloth, oil silk, oil linen, and velvet. Boys hats and caps of every description.

Ladies' Hats.
A superior article on hand. Also, a large assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest style and of a superior quality.

Moroccoes and Findings.
Dressed and undressed Morocco, Kid and French skins. Yellow, pink, blue and white linings, and binding skins. Prunello and fringed; Boot and shoe trees; Lasts of every description, and a general assortment of findings. Also—Cotton & silk under shirts.

N. B.—Thankful for past favors and desirous of a continuance of the same, he will sell at the New York and Eastern prices.

JOHN W. RUXTON.
November 11, 1853.

Country Produce.
Butter, eggs, &c. taken in exchange for any goods in my line of business.